The Sketch

No. 2588—Vol. CXCIX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1943 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

BRITAIN'S FIRST WOMAN ATTACHÉ—MRS. GIBBS.

MRS. LIONEL GIBBS *has been appointed to the British Embassy at Washington, with the rank of Attaché—the first British woman to have such an appointment. Her work entails dealing with hundreds of requests and questions, which she does with kindness, charm and undoubted ability. She is the second daughter of Sir Harold Snagge, and widow of Mr. Lionel Gibbs, who died in 1941, having been badly wounded in the last war.*

A

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Yo-Ho-Ho! Once upon a time there was an Old Salt to whom—contrary to the experience of most Old Salts—a Good Fairy appeared, offering him three wishes. For his first wish the Old Salt unhesitatingly nominated rum. For his second wish he paused for some time, and then said firmly: "More rum." For his third form of bliss he pondered long and anxiously, and then gave as his considered judgment, "More rum." After that, let us hope, his cup was full. If he was, perhaps, a little lacking in imagination, at least he knew his own mind. He would have been less eloquent, but more decided, than some of the distinguished contributors to the B.B.C.'s "The World We Want" series, and it is a great pity that he was not invited to state his point of view in that interesting programme.

Merrie England. One of our newspapers has thrown the discussion open to the public, and is providing a rich variety of material for the millennium. It is strange indeed to learn how many comparatively simple ways there are of making the world a happier place to live in, if Ministers of Reconstruction would only cultivate the human touch, instead of suffocating themselves with figures and statistics and reports and plans. For example, the Astronomer Royal thinks that we should all be much better and brighter if we had a 24-hour clock. He even suggests that it might be possible to read a railway timetable without mental anguish. This would doubtless save much suffering; but on the other hand, all the Services, military and civil, work on a 24-hour clock, and I doubt (speaking from personal experience) whether an Air Raid Warden feels any greater satisfaction at tumbling out of bed at 23.00 hours than at 11 p.m. Without going quite so far as the Old Salt, Mr. C. B. Cochran wants to see an England where we shall be able "to obtain refreshment and entertainment at any hour of the night or day"—a land, in short, where it is always afternoon, but never closing-time.

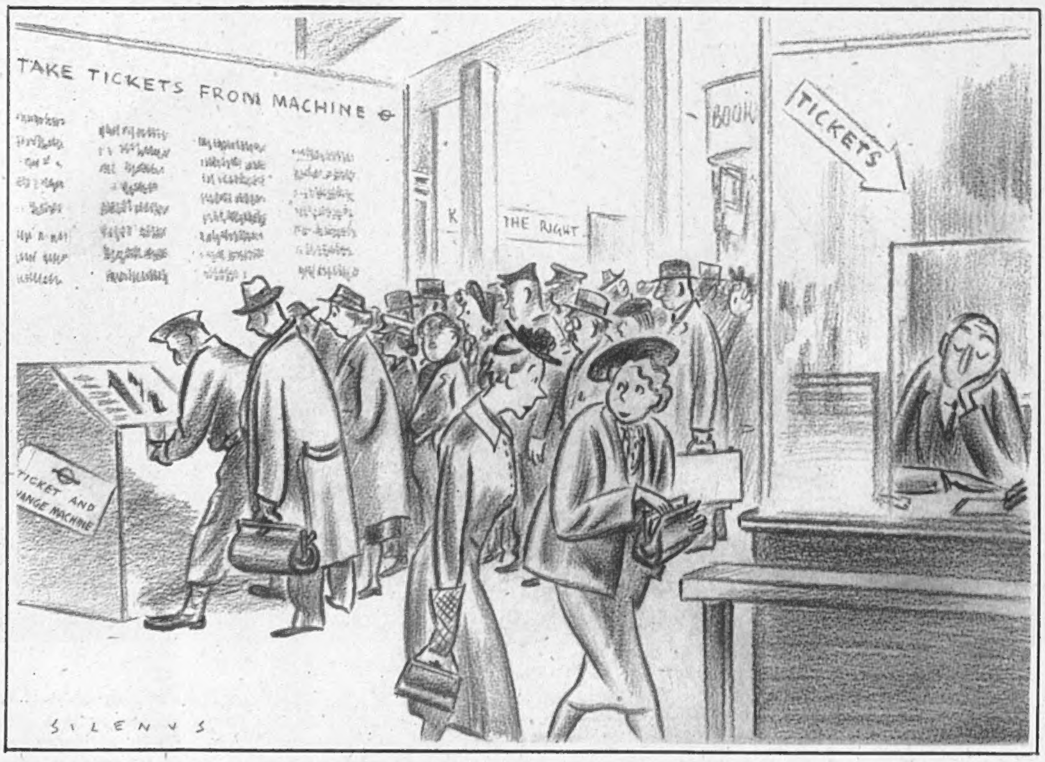
The Importance of Being Sir Ernest. With a sterner eye for the utilities of life—indeed, for the very staff thereof—Sir Ernest Graham-Little wants to see a loaf full of wheat-germ. This is a bit of a shock, because, in my innocence, I thought we now had a natural, nourishing loaf, but Sir Ernest tells us that it "recalls some of the most complicated patent medicines." Well, if bread is to be medicine—a jarring thought in itself—at least it ought to be good medicine in the World We Want, and we must all stand with Sir Ernest in the battle for bigger and better vitamins. We might add another aid to well-being, which is Safe Milk. However, for the present I dare say that the aspirations of most Britons are fixed on any milk at all rather than on the milk of Paradise. But to continue with the pundits—another of them considers conscription at twenty, and another State Public Schools (or the Old School Tie for Everybody), as the key to true progress and enlightenment. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

". . . Are you the usual channel?"
DRAWN BY MACDONALD.

One Man's Meat. When one comes to the dreams and desires of the Common Man, one does not know whether to be more depressed by all the things which he lacks at present or all the new boons and blessings with which he threatens us. Here is a selection of the desiderata of the Man in the Street: television for all, letters by aeroplane, films of Bible stories, a Union of Black Coats, free travel for everybody, shrink-proof woollies, one man one allotment, magistrates who know their job (I detect a heart-cry here!), some means of preventing the neighbours from using the wireless at inconvenient times, and some guarantee against being buried alive. This last fascinates me. I believe it is a fact that quite a number of people are haunted all their lives by the fear of being buried alive. One would have thought that in this complicated world there was something less macabre and less improbable to worry about—but, as they say in the North, there 's nowt so queer as folk!

Every Day in Every Way.

If I were to add my own list of things that I would rather do without, it would occupy more space than the Paper Controller (not to mention the Editor) might regard with favour; but why dwell on these little nuisances and irritations, which are all so good for the



"I always use the Booking Office—it saves queueing-up at the ticket machines."
DRAWN BY SILENUS.

TWELVE OLD LETTERS MAKE A BOX FOR RIFLE CARTRIDGES: DON'T HOARD YOURS.

character? I can describe in a single sentence the World I Want. I desire to see a world in which all men and women are completely wise, virtuous and beautiful. I admit that it would be rather dull, but it would undoubtedly get rid of a lot of trouble and strife. What bothers me about people is that they are so unreasonable. Again and again they do not seem to see my point of view at all. What is obvious to me does not appear to be in the least obvious to them. I don't see any hope of real improvement until I can alter this. For instance, if Hitler would let me sit down with him for half an hour and just *explain* things to him, we could finish the war in no time; but would he let me? Would he, in fact, allow me to get a word in edgeways? That is the sort of thing you are up against. A world of sweet reasonableness is the World I Want, and the only world that is worth planning, but, frankly, I am not optimistic about it.

Man Wants but Little.

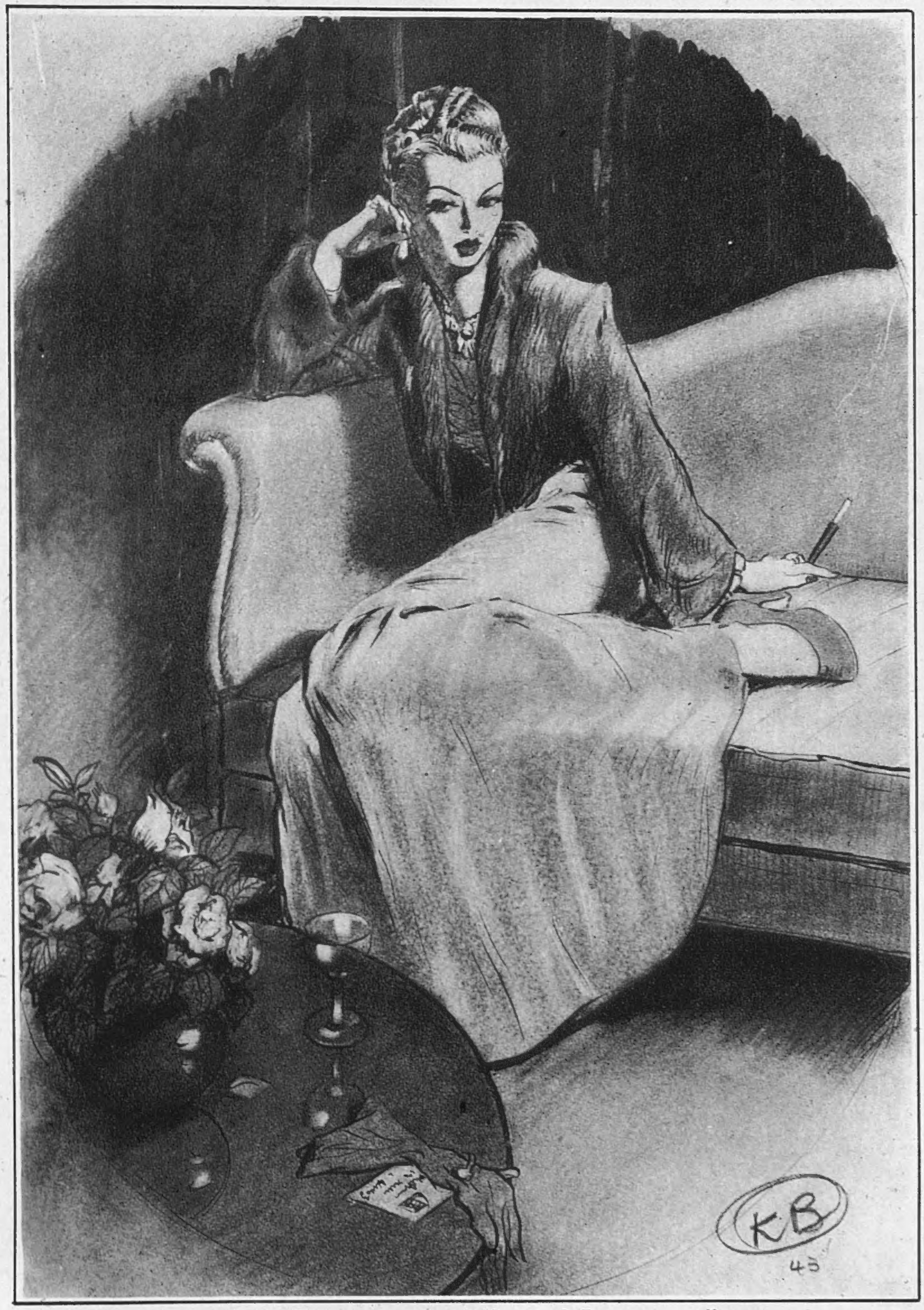
Meanwhile, Ministers themselves are reminding us that there are a few trifles, even more important than unshrinkable woollies or not being buried alive, that we ought to be thinking about. But here again I detect a deplorable lack of unanimity. Mr. Morrison thinks that the three great principles of the Good Life are self-knowledge, self-reverence and Government control. On the other hand, Lord Woolton says roundly: "I trust that those responsible in the future for shaping conditions will remove as soon as circumstances permit those controls that damp and deaden the spirit of enterprise." Can this mean that Lord Woolton, in his new capacity as Co-ordinator of all the Co-ordinators, looks forward to a reconstructed world where there will be eggs for all, sardines and sago off points, and chops and trousers without coupons? If so, I am afraid his Lordship may find that there are others who see no point in a pointless world. Then again, Sir William Beveridge tells us that we must have more Baby Britons, but Mr. Bevin says that if people go on marrying at the rate of 2000 a month, there won't be any homes, much less nurseries, for them. It is all very confusing, and it seems to mean that we shall not all get all we want in the world we want. Which is nothing new in history.

À la Carte Blanche.

The first thing that a good many mean, sensual men will want is a blow-out of the pre-war type. Recently, at a Brains Trust (not B.B.C.), I heard five Omniscients discussing the meal which they would order if there were no war, no coupons and no scarcity. It was very painful to see so many lips being licked over imaginary porter-house steaks and visionary chump chops. But it is unnecessary to visit the dream-world for these delicacies; all you need is a permit to visit Eire. I have before me the menu of an hotel in Dublin. There are 104 items on it, exclusive of vegetables and cheeses—seven kinds of soup, thirteen egg dishes, fifteen kinds of fish, fourteen entrées, six kinds of game, seven kinds of cold viands, fourteen kinds of grill and seventeen kinds of sweets. You can begin with smoked salmon and end with *crêpes Suzette*, and the only serious omissions which I notice are caviare and *foie gras*. Blessed indeed are the peacemakers. It has often struck me that I might perform a useful Government mission in Eire, and as I know a chap whose brother-in-law is very thick with a fellow in the Dominions Office, I am going to see if I cannot bend my war effort in this direction.

Wasn't That a Dainty Dish?

As we cannot all go, however, on important missions to Dublin, we must make do with human nature's daily food, even if it is in short supply. And it is really surprising what luxuries you can get if you are properly alive to your opportunities. An enterprising boy landed a flounder at Twickenham the other day (there's a *sole Colbert* ready-made for the Food Front!), and it is stated that there may be salmon in the Thames, as it is known that one was caught in 1833. Mark my words, you will soon see Members, during the speeches of the Rt. Hon. Never-Mind-Who, thronging to the terrace to fish for flounder and salmon. You may even find them tickling swans and casting for sharks, for it is stated that a fishmonger recently put on his slab an 84-lb. shark and a brace of full-grown swans. These muscular birds were very popular table-delicacies in the Middle Ages, but I always understood that if you found a swan among the chickens, or happened to catch a sturgeon at the seaside, it was your duty, as a loyal citizen,



"But I *am* a work of National Importance."

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

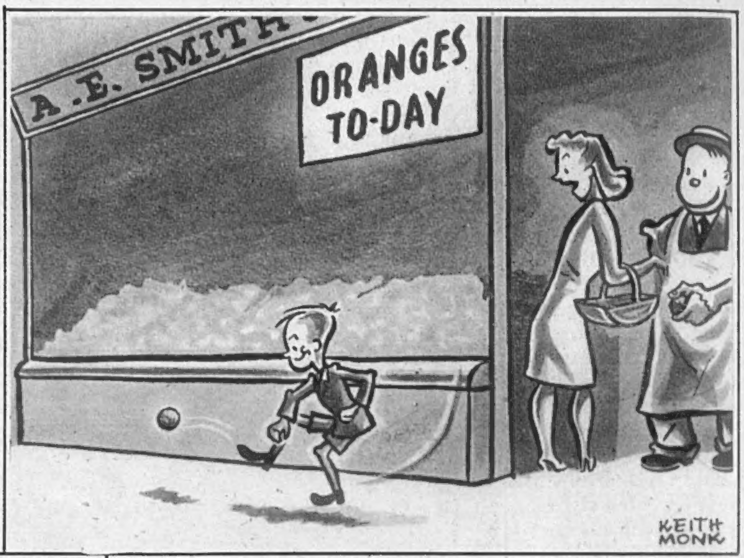
[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]

to send them to Buckingham Palace. It is said also that this same original fishmonger displayed albatrosses and owls, but "for exhibition only." That is a comfort, for we all know what happened to the Ancient Mariner for shooting an albatross, and if people began to eat them as well, we should undoubtedly lose the war. Fortunately, the temptation is one to which few of us are exposed.

Ay, There 's the Rubber !

War teaches us a new respect not only for sharks, but for the very humblest members of the vegetable kingdom. No gardener has ever regarded the dandelion with anything but detestation. It is true that some morbid-minded persons make a decoction which they impudently call "wine" out of this ravaging weed, and the French are addicted to it as a salad; but the normal instinct towards a dandelion is to root it up, and even that is not always easy to do, for it has more lives than a cat. How wrong and short-sighted is this attitude! One of these days you may be indebted to the dandelion for your hot-water bottle or the soles of your shoes or the tyres of your car. Especially if you have Kok-saghyz growing on the lawn. This, as everybody knows, is the Ukrainian or Polish variety of dandelion, and, properly cultivated, it will yield 65 to 100 lb. of rubber to the acre. Do not despair, therefore, if your lawn (like mine) is a vast expanse of dandelions, with a few struggling blades of grass in the interstices; it may be the foundation of a fortune. I am greatly hoping that science will find similar possibilities in dockweed, plantains and yarrow. If so, I can promise a handsome contribution to the war effort.



"No, Johnny! You *eat* it!"

DRAWN BY KEITH MONK.

"Baby 's asleep—it must be time to get up!"

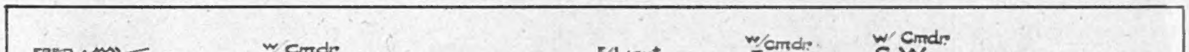
DRAWN BY JAYCOT.

The Prodigals.

And that is more than is being made by some people about whom I often read and who have not been sufficiently revolted by the unprepossessing qualities (so feelingly depicted in the advertisements) of the Squander Bug. Evidence in a recent case showed that a woman had spent over £800 on her wardrobe in some nine months. I read of sixpenny trinkets being sold as "jewellery" for half-a-guinea, of unremarkable costumes being sold at £70 and of "perms." costing six guineas. I have been offered cigars of moderate quality in a restaurant at 10s. each. I deplore all this, and can honestly say that I have not had a single perm. since the war began, and, since I cannot afford them myself, I deprecate ten-shilling cigars, even if they contribute substantially to the revenue. As nobody else has mentioned it, I suggest the shilling, or even the ninepenny, Havana as an important feature of the World I Want. What about some tobacco, as well as dandelions, in the Victory Garden?

Men of Letters.

I am becoming a little worried about the alphabet. There is a drive for economy of words with Basic English, but the alphabet is being grossly overworked. Do you, for instance, know what AWDIPAR is? No, it is not a native state of India, nor another inhabited place which has been captured, but it is the Association of Wholesale Distributors of Imported Poultry and Rabbits. In its august hands may lie the fate of the Irish turkey which you are expecting, or hoping for, at Christmas. If you wish to communicate with it, you had better do so through UNRRA, or possibly AMGOT, or, better still, NOGO.



Here we are again with the No. 1 Mess of the ROYAL AIR FORCE *at a certain* COMMAND HEADQUARTERS *during a musical interlude. Any little relaxation our hard-worked and brilliant men of the air may enjoy is indeed well and truly earned.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

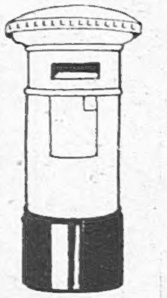
The seventy-seventh of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"NOT MY TYPE, ALFIE, OLD BOY, BUT AFTER A YEAR OUT HERE YOU CAN'T BE TOO CHOOSEY!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Although you are the same age as I am and therefore it is not the slightest use trying to persuade you that I am in my early thirties, I am not going to tell you which week I had to go and register, because I don't see why the Censor, who is no doubt enjoying this letter, should know the horrid truth.

Anyhow, when the Saturday for the forty-you-know-whats arrived, I had to leave my work undone, and a cold lunch for poor Charles, and mount the bus for a Journey to our Cathedral City which was most assuredly not Really Necessary.

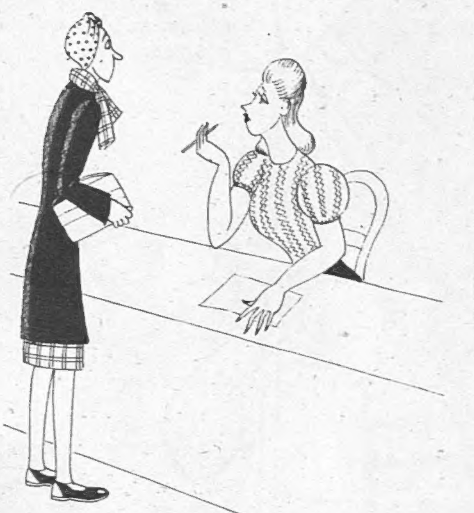
" Are you going to Register ? " I whispered to Mrs. Whinebite, who came and sat beside me.

Mrs. Whinebite looked at me with cold dislike.

" I am going to the dentist," she said. " I registered *ages* ago."

" I suppose you 're all off to Register ? " said little Mrs. Simpkins, getting in, rather out of breath, with her shopping basket. " Ah, me ! What a thing it is to be young ! "

" Register ? " said Mrs. Savernack in her loud voice. " You must be younger than I thought, Henrietta."



" I was interviewed by a Young Person."

" My dear, I *am* surprised," said the Admiral, leaning confidentially towards me. " I had no idea you were so long in the tooth."

These remarks saddened me, and quite spoilt my ride in the bus, which I usually enjoy.

At the Labour Exchange I was interviewed by a Young Person whose lips were painted where her lips were not.

" Have you any children under fourteen ? "

" No."

" Any help in your house ? "

" Part-time help."

" How many people do you look after ? "

" One."

The Young Person, looking disdainful, wrote down the answers. " Here 's an Idle Creature," I could see her saying to herself, and I had to admit that from the answers I had given there seemed no reason why I shouldn't be whipped into a factory to-morrow. I opened my mouth to explain about Charles, and the Secretary, and Matin's departure, and Evensong's chest, and the garden, and then I shut it again. There 's not to reason why, there 's but to make reply at interviews of this kind, and I shall enjoy another ride in the bus, and a jaunt to our Cathedral City to explain these matters later on.

" Your Registration Number ? " said the Young Person.

I felt myself getting pink.. " I 'm afraid I 've done a very silly thing," I said. " I 've left my identification card at home."

" Can't you remember the number ? "

" No."

The Young Person gave me a Look. " What were you before you were a Housewife ? " she said patiently.

" An artist." The word echoed sadly round the bare little room, and several of the forty-you-know-whats, who were waiting, leant forward to get a better look.

When I came out Mrs. Whinebite was furtively crossing the road to the Labour Exchange. There are times when one simply has to behave like a gentleman, so I stooped down to tie my shoelace, and saw her, out of the corner of my eye, skip nimbly into a tobacconist's a few doors further down.

" Saw her out of the corner of my eye."

Coming home, Mrs. Savernack sat next to me in the bus. I hadn't forgiven her for her remark on the journey out, so I said, " I didn't care for that girl's make-up, did you ? "

" What girl ? " said Mrs. Savernack.

" The girl at the Labour Exchange."

Mrs. Savernack is fifty-five and unable to tell a lie. " I haven't been to the Labour Exchange," she said crossly. " I went to try on my new coat."

After turning round and asking Mrs. Whinebite for a detailed account of her experiences at the dentist's, I felt that honour was satisfied, and settled down to enjoy the drive home. But the savour had gone out of it somehow. I felt every day of my forty-you-know-what years. I had rheumatism in my arm, and my face, reflected in the glass of the bus window, looked lined, anxious and thin. When we reached home the Bus Conductor assisted me on to the pavement as though I were a very, very old lady, and told me to mind the kerb. There was a cold East wind blowing down the Street, and as I hurried along, with shoulders hunched to my ears, I asked myself What I Had Done With My Life, and what there was to look forward to but old age, decay and decrepitude.

It was getting dark now, and in spite of the Bus Conductor's warning, I forgot the kerb and fell down. A passing soldier said, " Hold up, Mother," and pulled me to my feet. I thought of my home, dark, cold, with the black-out not done, and the dinner uncooked. I stumbled up the steps and groped my way to the drawing-room door.

Inside it was a blaze of light. A cheerful fire was burning, and beside it sat Lady B. with her knitting.

" My dear Henrietta, what is the matter ? "

" Oh, Lady B. ! I feel so old ! "

" You mean you feel so cold. Come and sit down by the fire ; your face is quite blue."

" Oh, Lady B. ! How sweet you are ! "

" Nonsense. Evensong 's back. She 's in the kitchen now, and I 'm staying to supper. Why do you feel old ? I 'm seventy-six and I haven't begun to feel old yet."

" You never will be old."

" It 's all in the Mind," said Lady B.

I took off one shoe and held a cold foot to the fire. " Of course, what makes Registering so awful is that one is simply longing to go off and do something exciting," I said.

Lady B. laid down her knitting. " I know," she said. " I often make up a story in my head that I 'm forming a Women's Airborne Army."

" How lovely ! "

" But you ought not to grumble. You are at least looking after Charles. I 'm just living in my little flat with my knife, fork and spoon and looking after myself. It makes me feel a very selfish old woman."

" How can you say that when you 've knitted ninety - five jerseys for sailors ? "

" But I enjoy doing that," said Lady B. Then Charles came in " Hullo, Charles," said Lady B. " Here 's Henrietta feeling old."

" Well, we 're all getting up-along," said Charles. " But there 's still a little gin left in the bottle."

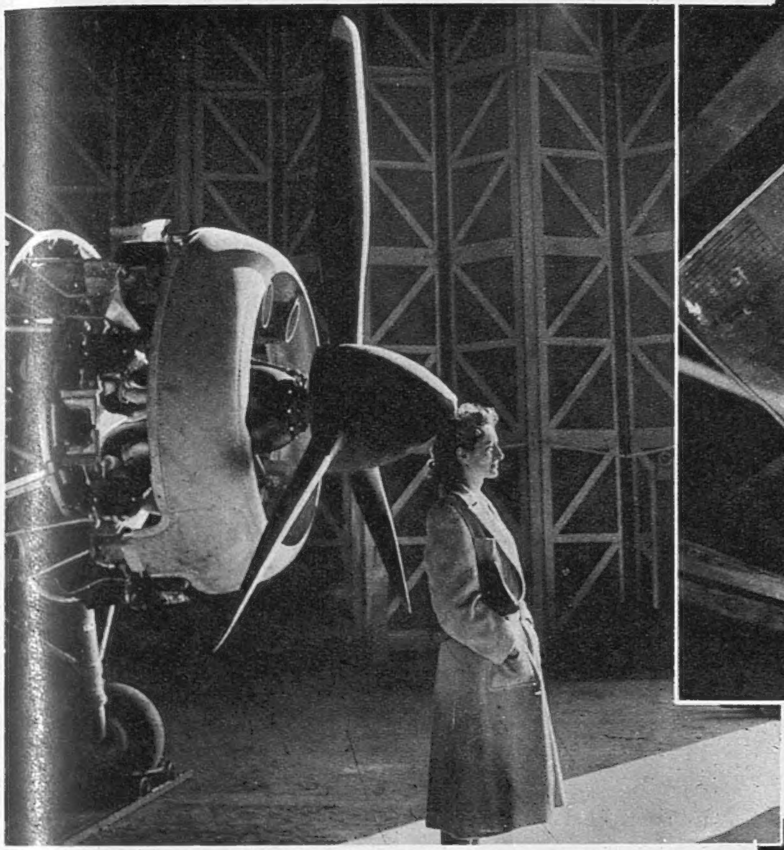
" Lady B. with her knitting."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

AIRCRAFT DESIGNER, DIRECTOR, "GENERAL BOTTLE-WASHER"—MRS. F. G. MILES.

Mrs. Miles studies a drawing produced by one of the pupils of the technical school which she runs in connection with the aircraft factory.

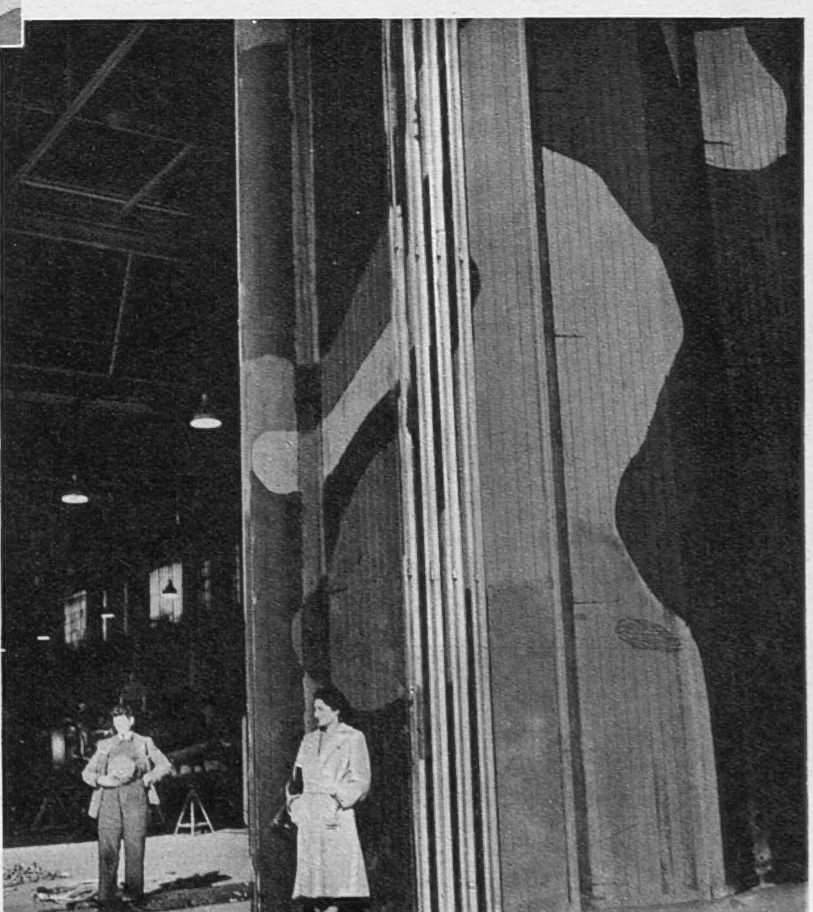


MRS. F. G. MILES *standing by the Miles Master II., the world's fastest training aeroplane.*

TAUGHT to fly by her husband, before the war MRS. F. G. MILES was piloting the family 'plane. The war brought her into closer connection with his factory—Miles Aircraft Limited—and she became a director, and, in the absence of anyone to run the drawing-office, she took up aircraft designing too. Besides this she helps in the technical school which is run in conjunction with the factory, and describes herself as "general bottle-washer," a term which covers a multitude of aptitudes. Mrs. Miles enjoys the work and has a genuine flair for it. Formerly Miss Maxine (Blossom) Forbes-Robertson, she is a daughter of the late famous actor and actress, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and his wife, Miss Gertrude Elliott. She has two children.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

Discussing the design of a new aeroplane with one of the draughtsmen.



Outside one of the great hangars of the factory of Miles Aircraft Limited, of which she is a director.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

I HAVE been guilty myself, when driven to it by dons and other professorial types, of asserting that the motion-picture camera is the greatest historian of our times—but then I wasn't thinking of films like "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS." Our children and grandchildren, dropping into some repertory cinema of the future and happening on a revival of this 1943 classic, will almost certainly come away with some odd notions about the Spanish Civil War. The chances are that they will be led to believe it was just a disorderly clash between two bands of primitive ruffians, taking place mostly in a mountain gorge, and depending for its conclusion on the blowing up of one small bridge; the inadequacy of the whole set-up emphasised by the fact that a schoolteacher has to be fetched all the way from Montana, U.S.A., to do the dynamiting.

In their anxiety to offend nobody, the producers of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" have taken Ernest Hemingway's fiercely anti-Fascist story, rendered it strictly impartial, and given it the dimmest possible political background. "F.W.B.T." doesn't take sides. Its producers say so with pride. Says the chairman of the board: "It is a great picture, without political significance. We are not for or against anybody." Says the director, Sam Wood: "It is a love story against a brutal background. It would be the same love story if they were on the other side." Says the president of the company: "We don't think it will make any trouble." No, we don't really see how it *could*. They don't even call the Fascists by name. They call them Nationalists. And except for one rather vague speech by Gary Cooper, in which he describes the Civil War as a kind of rehearsal, just happening to take place in Spain, for the second World War, there is little indication what the fracas is all about. This may be politically tactful, but it is not always dramatically helpful. It is nice, even in a feudin' picture, to know which are supposed to be the good ones and which the bad ones.

There is not the smallest doubt, of course, that the best people of all are Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, who play the lovers of the piece. They are not only the most beautiful characters, but the only people in the cast who are permitted to look consistently attractive and reasonably clean. Mr. Cooper plays Robert Jordan, the American blower-upper, who is sent into the mountains by the Republicans to destroy a bridge. The dynamiting is planned to synchronise with a Republican attack on something or somebody, and Jordan has three or four days to wait. He puts in the time amongst a band of guerrillas, led by Pablo (Akim Tamiroff) and his woman, Pilar (Katina Paxinou). In their cave, stirring the stew-pot, he finds the beautiful Spanish girl Maria, who is, of course, Miss Bergman—an orphan who has been raped by the Nationalists, but has never in her pure life kissed a man. "I don't know how to kiss, or I would kiss you. Where do the noses go? I've always wondered where the noses go," she observes in a naïve speech that some will think intensely moving and others pretty silly.

Jordan and Maria have quite a lot to say to each other in their three days' intercourse, besides discovering where the noses go, and this accounts for a good deal of the film's two hours and fifty minutes' running-time. Further footage is occupied by the vacillations of Pablo, who is by no means a reliable type, and is constantly on the point of escaping with the spare horses, or setting the enemy on their tracks. All this, a small foray by a party of Nationalist guards, and a grimly horrible flashback describing the Republicans' capture of a town, fills in the time until the bridge can be blown up, the battle joined, and Jordan can die heroically manning a machine-gun.

"For Whom the Bell Tolls" is longer than any picture not quite in the top flight has any right to be, but there is much in it to repay your patience. There are whole passages of vivid Hemingway dialogue, phrases that are illumined with more thought than you are accustomed to hear in a year in the cinema. There is some beautiful Technicolor camera-work, along with some that isn't so very. There is an impressive atmosphere of suspense, and most of the characters have enough depth to sustain your interest in them. Ingrid Bergman, who has always seemed to me a beautiful girl, seems even more beautiful in Technicolor, and she is an intelligent enough actress to overcome the rather phoney nature of her part with one or two deeply moving scenes.

And, best of all, there is Katina Paxinou as the monumental Pilar, the woman who drives the leader who can no longer lead. Mme. Paxinou is a Greek stage actress, new to films. She is a huge woman, with enormous gestures, a dark, eagle face, a straddling walk, and a laugh like thunder in the mountains. She stands over the film like a Colossus, and when the script gives her room to talk, there is something Homeric about her phrases. She, of everyone in the cast, comes nearest to the high concept that gave the film its title.

There is no credit on the screen, by the way—an odd omission—to the author of that title. He was John Donne, the seventeenth-century metaphysician. For the sake of the records, this is what he said, all those years ago, about the bell tolling. "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

Anthony Asquith's "DEMI-PARADISE" is rather a sketch for a good film than a solid masterpiece. It tells the story of a young Soviet engineer (Laurence Olivier), who has invented a new type propeller for an ice-breaker, and his two visits to this country. He first arrives in the small shipbuilding town of Barchester in the summer before the war. He has a pretty miserable time misunderstanding the British, and is glad to see the back of us. The traditions of English life baffle him, the family conversations bewilder him, British jokes pass him by, and the shipbuilder's

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

*** "FLARE PATH" (*Apollo*). R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne.

*** "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

** "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** "SWEET AND LOW" (*Ambassadors*). Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in revue.

** "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

** "CLAUDIA" (*St. Martin's*). Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

** "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

** "ARC DE TRIOMPHE" (*Phœnix*). Ivor Novello's Paris cavalcade—1906-1925—with Mary Ellis, Raymond Lovell, Peter Graves, Elisabeth Welch.

** "PANAMA HATTIE" (*Piccadilly*). Revue, with Bebe Daniels, Richard Hearne, Max Wall, Ivan Brandt, Claude Hulbert.

** "STRIKE A NEW NOTE" (*Prince of Wales*). George Black's revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

** "MY SISTER EILEEN" (*Savoy*). American slapstick with Sally Gray, Coral Browne, Max Bacon.

** "JUNIOR MISS" (*Saville*). Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "HI-DE-HI" (*Stoll*). Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Florence Desmond, Eddie Gray.

** "IT'S TIME TO DANCE" (*Winter Garden*). Musical with Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney, Elsie Randolph.

** SADLER'S WELLS BALLET (*New*). Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn, Constant Lambert conducts.

* "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN" (*Coliseum*). Revue with Nervo and Knox.

* "THIS TIME IT'S LOVE" (*Comedy*). Comedy from the French: Ernest Thesiger, Ellen Pollock, Charles Heslop, Beryl Mason.

* "SHE FOLLOWS ME ABOUT" (*Garrick*). Farce. Robertson Hare, Basil Radford, Catherine Lacey, Joyce Heron.

* "THEY CAME TO A CITY" (*Globe*). Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

* "LOVE FOR LOVE" (*Haymarket*). Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

* "MR. BOLFRY" (*Playhouse*). New James Bridie play. Alastair Sim.

* "TEN LITTLE NIGGERS" (*St. James's*). Agatha Christie's thriller. Linden Travers, Allan Jeayes, Terence de Marney.

* "ACACIA AVENUE" (*Vaudeville*). Comedy. Gordon Harker, Hubert Gregg, Dorothy Hamilton, Megs Jenkins.

* "THE LOVE RACKET" (*Victoria Palace*). High-speed musical with Arthur Askey and Carol Raye.

* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

"Behind the Rising Sun" (Tivoli, December 5) picturises James R. Young's inside story of Nippon, starring Tom Neal as a young Japanese engineer, Taro Seki, U.S.-educated. The film shows his slow, brutalisation under the War Lords' New Order, in which he joins the Army. The picture shows Taro (TOM NEAL) *giving evidence against his friend, O'Hara* (DON DOUGLAS), *the girl he loved, Tama* (MARGO; *left), and Sara Brayton* (GLORIA HOLDEN), *American newspaperwoman, who has appealed to him to control his men.*

Tama finds Taro a very different person when he returns from service with the Japanese Army in China—brutalised, hardened, cynical.

granddaughter (Penelope Ward, she who used to be Penelope *Dudley* Ward) wounds his feelings deeply.

The engineer's second visit takes place during the blitz, when there are dog-fights over Barchester, the shipbuilder's granddaughter has joined the W.R.N.S., and a B.B.C. broadcast of the nightingale is transmitted nonchalantly to the accompaniment of A.-A. guns. This time he feels differently about us, begins to see that we are just tovariches at heart. By the time Russia comes into the war and the ice-breaker is launched, he is ready to christen the ship *Droujka*—Friendship—and mean it.

Such a film, as you can see, is less dependent on incident—which is, in fact, slight—than on a careful observation of national mannerisms, and the power of assessing what it observes. Anthony Asquith's description of our eccentricities is sometimes a little self-consciously bright. In the local pageant scenes, for instance, the piece almost leans over backwards for a laugh. The characters are less inclined to be deeply studied individuals than quickly recognisable comic types.

But the tender moments—such as the nightingale broadcast—are really tender, and there's no doubt that "Demi-Paradise" has its heart in the right place. Laurence Olivier's portrait of the Soviet engineer is an astonishing bit of work, patiently studied and consistently sustained. Not knowing any Soviet engineers intimately, I cannot say whether it is true to life. I can only say that Mr. Olivier creates a good, strong, three-dimensional character, and sticks to it.

Turning from Anglo-Soviet goodwill to Pan-American goodwill, we arrive at "SALUDOS AMIGOS," the new Disney cartoon at the New Gallery. "Saludos" is not quite a full-length feature, and it isn't quite a full-strength Disney either, although it frequently promises to be. The film is the product of the impressions he and his artists picked up on their tour of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru and Bolivia. Sketches of scenery and local costumes, bits of travelogue commentary, shots of flesh-and-blood travellers, and typical cartoon comedy are crowded rather haphazardly into its forty minutes.

There are four loosely-connected episodes, each with a cartoon figure for a hero. The first features Donald Duck as a tourist at Lake Titicaca, on the Peru-Bolivia border. He interests himself in a balsa-wood boat and an ill-tempered llama, who takes him for a trip over a swaying suspension bridge. Everything goes wrong for Donald, as usual, but the Duck being what he is, no reflection is likely to be cast on the hospitality of the Peruvians and Bolivians. The second episode involves a baby mail-'plane named Pedro, flying through a storm over the Andes, and this is a downright beauty. The third features Goofy as an Argentine gaucho, and the fourth, with Donald Duck again, introduces a new character called Joe Carioca. Joe is a parrot who lives in Rio de Janeiro and teaches Donald the native dance, the samba, to the tune of a popular number entitled "Aquarela de Brasil."

Finally, if you must see Bob Hope in everything he does, there's "LET'S FACE IT" (Plaza), in which the star appears as a private, engaged to a girl (Betty Hutton) who runs a health camp near an army post. Three wives of uncertain years (Zasu Pitts, Eve Arden and Phyllis Povah) are left at the camp to languish, while their husbands go off on a fishing trip. What more natural, in a piece of this kind, than that they should invite Hope and his two soldier friends to make up a week-end party? There are seven songs in the picture, including five by Cole Porter in one of his less inspired spasms. "Let's Face It" has been adapted from a Broadway musical show, and don't you ever ask me why.

"Let's Face It" (Plaza), screen adaptation of the Broadway hit which also had a good run here, gives BOB HOPE, *as Private Jerry Walker, another soldier rôle, and is perfectly suited to this star's sparkling talents, with plenty of scope for gags and situations in the best Hope manner. Here* BETTY HUTTON, *as Winnie, is scoring one off him.*

THE CAMERA TAKES A

LIEUT. REX WHISTLER *designed the period settings and costumes for* ROBERT DONAT'S *revival of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband," at the Westminster.* DAME IRENE VANBRUGH *plays Lady Markby.*

The daughter of the MARQUESS *and* MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON *was christened* JUDITH *at Castle Ashby Church.* MR. HENRY MARKHAM *and* MRS. EDWARD COMPTON, *and* MRS. CHARLES BUTLER *and* COLONEL A. FETHERSTONHAUGH *are left and right.*

Right: When P/O. ROBERT DRYSDALE, *of H.M. Submarine "Tuna," had been invested by his Majesty with the D.S.M., he saw that baby* STEPHEN, *who had come with* MRS. DRYSDALE *to the ceremony, had refreshment.*

Left: The marriage of MISS PENELOPE JOWITT, *only child of Sir William and Lady Jowitt, to* MR. G. WYNN-WILLIAMS, F.R.C.S., *took place at St. Margaret's.*

THE HON. MRS. ROBIN GURDON *is working at the British Embassy in Washington as assistant to Mrs. Gibbs, whose portrait appears on our front page.*

THIRD OFFICER LADY ANNE SPENCER, W.R.N.S., *only daughter of Earl and Countess Spencer, is engaged to Lieut. C. B. H. Wake-Walker, R.N.*

The marriage of MISS SHELAGH MACAULEY, *daughter of Mr. T. A. Macauley, to Captain Viscount Vaughan is fixed for December 4.*

MISS NANCY LAMBTON, *daughter of the Hon. George Lambton, is on the staff of the British Minister in Teheran as Press Attaché.*

AMERICAN FLIGHT NURSES *are getting practical training at bomber bases in this country.* 2/LIEUT. FLORENCE E. TWIDALE (*l.*) *and* 2/LIEUT. HILDA R. BURGESS *are checking over first-aid equipment beneath the fuselage of a Flying Fortress.*

QUICK LOOK ROUND.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT recently visited the United Nations Forces Club, and to the delight of the members present, joined men of the three Services round the piano for a sing-song.

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL opened the *Arctic Convoy exhibition at 22, Lower Regent Street. She and* H.E. THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR *are examining an X-ray apparatus to be sent to Russia.*

Left: When the EMIR FEISAL *and* EMIR KHALID, *sons of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia, visited Dover,* VICE-ADMIRAL SIR H. D. PRIDHAM - WIPPELL, K.C.B., D.S.O., *escorted them round.*

Right: GROUP CAPTAIN *and the* HON. MRS. DE LASZLO *are here posed with their baby son* DAMON, *and their Labrador, Coote. Mrs. de Laszlo is the second daughter of Lord Greenwood.*

H.M. THE QUEEN *visited the Service and Civilian Welfare Centre in Trafalgar Square, opened by the Victoria League Colonial War Services Committee earlier in the year. She is talking to* A. E. THORPE, *Chief Fire Officer of Freetown, W.A.*

MRS. JACK LONEL *was Miss Solange Ginette Hart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hart, and granddaughter of a former mayor of Leicester.*

WREN PAMELA HUSKISSON *is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Major and Mrs. Huskisson, Car Colston Hall, Notts.*

SUPERINTENDENT N. J. CURRIE, W.R.N.S., *has arrived in India to take charge of all W.R.N.S. personnel in East Africa, India and Ceylon.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *and Prince William, will accompany the Duke when he takes up his appointment as Governor-General of Australia.*

A witty and amusing comedy called "Carmen" by the producer. Top left picture shows the Witch's cell, where Carmen's destiny is foretold. Above: Don Juan's farewell to Carmen as he is about to enter the arena.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE BRITISH WOMEN INTERNEES OF VITTEL CAMP, for making the best of a bad job by putting a good dramatic face on it.

The final scene of "Carmen," where the victorious Bull walks off. The production was by Miss Betty McClelland, who also made all the dresses.

IN December 1940 THESE BRITISH INTERNEES were rounded up in Paris by the Germans and taken off to the notorious Besançon camp. Later they were moved to Vittel, and here life became almost luxurious compared with their former experiences, and they indulged their ingenuity by organising in the Casino dramatic entertainments, which were attended by the whole camp. They had their own orchestra, with two pianos, and two women actually learned to play the 'cello during their internment. Quite a high level of entertainment was given, and everyone's talents had full scope in the designing and making of costumes for their plays. Internees lent anything they were asked for; paper, cardboard, cloth, dust-sheets were used, and even an astrakhan coat-collar was requisitioned for a toreador's hat, and put back on the coat again afterwards. These photographs show how excellently the *couturières* succeeded!

"Twelfth Night" was produced by Mrs. Skipwith, with a cast of girls only (right), who made all their own costumes. Above: Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, Fabian and the Maid hatch their plot in concert.

Ballerinas. A skit on the Ballet by DIANA LEGARD *and* BETTY McCLELLAND. *This item was specially performed before the Swiss Legation.*

COMMANDER OF THE CANADIAN ARMOUR IN BRITAIN.

MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK F. WORTHINGTON, C.B., M.C., M.M., *is Canada's leading tank expert. After the last war, with the rank of captain, he was transferred to the Canadian Permanent Machine-Gun Brigade, and then to Princess Patricia's C.L.I. In 1936 he came to England to machine-gun and tank schools and the Army Armoured Fighting Vehicles School, and on his return became chief instructor of the Canadian Armoured Fighting Vehicles School, and on September 1, 1939, assumed command of the school at Camp Bordon, Ontario. While instructing in tank-fighting methods he was working on the design of the medium tank which has become standard equipment for Canadians.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.

c

CAN YOU RECOGNISE ALL THESE? THE BOSS OF M.-G.-M. AND HIS TOP ARTISTS.

N.B. A Coloured pla

This is probably one of the biggest groups of headline names ever assembled together before the camera. Louis B. Mayer, the boss of M.-G.-M., is seated in the centre of the front row, surrounded by his most famous artists. See how many of them you can recognise, and, if in doubt, *turn to page 302 for the key.*

is inserted in this issue.

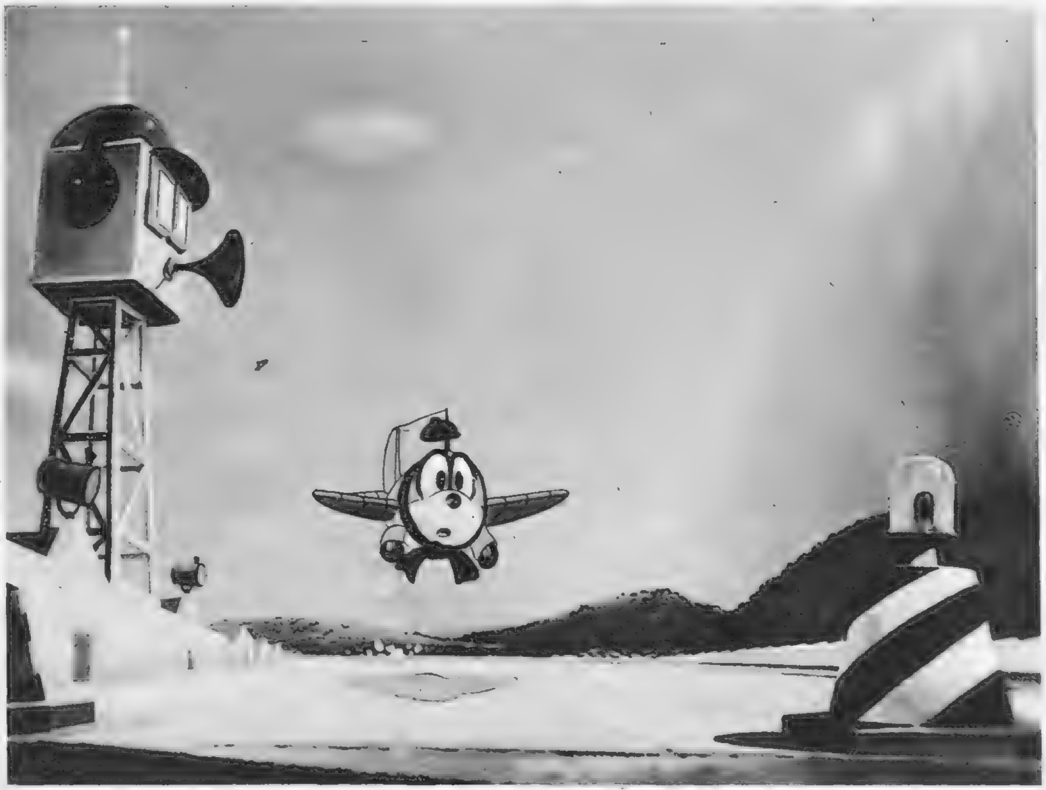
JEAN ARTHUR'S RODEO KIT.

In her latest picture, " **A LADY TAKES A CHANCE,**" *recently presented at the Regal,* **JEAN ARTHUR** *plays Mollie Truesdale, the girl who went on a holiday by bus and attended the rodeo at Fairfield, Oregon, with romantic results. Here she is in a fetching rodeo get-up. John Wayne plays opposite to her, as Duke Hudkins and Charles Winniger and Phil Silvers are also in the cast.*

PEDRO, *the baby aeroplane, new Disney character in "Saludos Amigos," has a drink of gasoline before going off on his maiden trip.*

Papa Aeroplane has a cold in his cylinder-head, so can't make the mail trip over the Andes. He is giving Pedro final instructions.

A RIVAL TO DONALD DUCK! DISNEY'S LITTLE PEDRO.



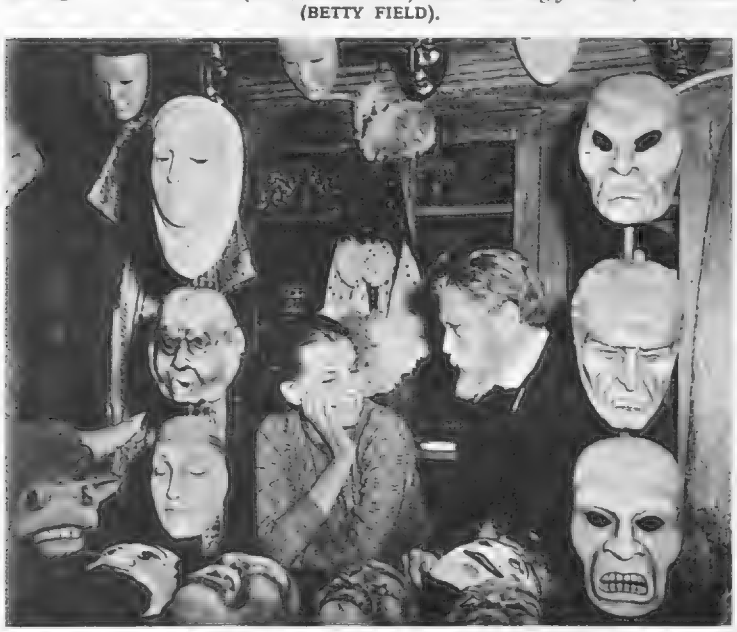
Right: Mama Aeroplane's high oil-pressure prevents her flying over the Andes in place of Papa Aeroplane, so PEDRO *has to go. He makes a shaky take-off.*

WALT DISNEY'S new musical Technicolor "Saludos Amigos" was presented at the New Gallery on November 21. Walt has gone all South American and takes his famous characters, Donald Duck, Goofy and company, to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru and Bolivia. The Duck will have to look to his laurels, as he has a formidable new rival in Pedro, the heroic baby aeroplane, who gallantly makes his first flight over the Andes with the mail, as both Papa and Mama 'Plane are laid up and can't go. Joe Carioca, the Brazilian jitterbird, is another new and fascinating Disney creature seen in the film.

PEDRO, *on his first flight with the precious mail, meets a voluble acquaintance in the air; and has some back-chat.*

Studying the perfect landing: Baby PEDRO 'PLANE *watches a butterfly coming down gently on a zinnia flower.*

" Please let me have the dress—Mardi Gras to-night and my sweetheart will be waiting. . . ." *Justine* (MARJORIE LORD) *and her ugly sister, Henriette* (BETTY FIELD).



Henriette (BETTY FIELD) *consults the Bearded Gentleman* (EDGAR BARRIER), *and is persuaded to conceal her homely face under a beautiful mask and to attend the ball.*

" Why did you follow me? " Henriette, wearing the mask of a lovely woman, is trailed to the mask shop by Michael (ROBERT CUMMINGS).

" FLESH AND FANTASY," Universal picture which was due at the Leicester Square Theatre on November 26, is made up out of three stories told to Robert Benchley in answer to his question as to whether dreams foretell the future. The first introduces Henriette, in love with Michael. She goes to the ball wearing the mask of a beautiful woman, and he falls in love with her. When she unmasks, love has transformed her into a beauty.

The fortune-telling séance at Lady Pamela Hardwick's party. Mr. Podgers (THOMAS MITCHELL) *surrounded by an admiring throng, reads the hand of a guest.*

Marshall Tyler (EDWARD G. ROBINSON), *having been told by Podgers that he will commit a murder, finds that this prediction has got on his nerves and haunts him night and day.*

Feeling that he must commit his murder, Tyler gives poisoned comfits to Lady Pamela (DAME MAY WHITTY), *but tells her not to eat them yet.*

THE second of the psychic stories contained in the film, " Flesh and Fantasy," concerns Marshall Tyler, a prominent London solicitor, who openly scoffs at fortune-telling and palmistry. He is told, at a party given by Lady Pamela Hardwick, that he will commit a murder. In spite of himself, he lets this prey on his mind, and he postpones his marriage, as he feels he must "get his crime over" before he takes a wife.

THREE PSYCHIC STORIES TO MAKE A BIG FILM DRAMA:

Lady Pamela Hardwick encourages the love-affair between Tyler and Rowena (ANNA LEE). *Tyler is a prominent London solicitor, with no belief in psychic phenomena.*

The Great Gaspar (CHARLES BOYER) *opens his famous "drunk" act in the circus. He comes on with a bottle of champagne, pretends to get tipsy, and is then raised to the high wire.*

Marshall Tyler, driven almost distracted by the prophecy that he is going to commit a murder, hurls the prophet, Podgers, over the bridge, and thus fulfils the prediction.

The Great Gaspar meets Joan Stanley (BARBARA STANWYCK) *on deck and is held spellbound, for she is the woman of his dream. She also feels she knows him, and that they are made for each other.*

The Great Gaspar (CHARLES BOYER ; *left) attempts to quiet the dying Marshall Tyler, who has been run over by a truck after killing Podgers.*

He attempts to kill Lady Pamela Hardwick by giving her a little box containing poisoned comfits, but as she never swallows any of them, the murder misses fire! Next he attempts to kill the Dean of Norwalk, and fails, but in the end, infuriated by his sufferings, he hurls the author of them, Podgers, the palmist, over a bridge, rushes away with the police in pursuit, and is killed by a truck. This story is based on a well-known Oscar Wilde tale.

Joan Stanley is arrested as she quits the circus audience to visit Gaspar, who has put through his dangerous "drunk" act on the high wire.

THE third concerns the Great Gaspar. He dreams that he sees a beautiful woman in the circus audience and that the same evening he falls when doing his act and is killed. He gives up doing this dangerous act, and when on his way to the States he meets the woman of his dreams. They fall in love and he again does his "drunk" act successfully. But when Joan is on her way to congratulate him, she is arrested.

: "FLESH AND FANTASY," LATEST JULIEN DUVIVIER PICTURE.

A CHRISTMAS SHOW— "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS."

"THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS," *dizzy, crazy picture, is due to open at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on December 3, and will run over Christmas. Here are stills of the twelve chief stars. The crazily comic plot deals with the efforts of two producers to keep Eddie Cantor out of his own show, as they want to stage a Cavalcade of Stars for a benefit performance, but find that Eddie butts in on the best numbers. They get him kidnapped—but he escapes and is about to expose the docile impostor who is taking his place—but Joe, the imitation Eddie Cantor, rises to the occasion so brilliantly that no one believes him to be anything but the real Eddie Cantor. The songs and dance numbers are a series of brilliant hits.*

PASSIONATE PILAR OF THE HEMINGWAY FILM: KATINA PAXINOU.

KATINA PAXINOU, the "darkly vivid personality" of Paramount's film "For Whom the Bell Tolls," at the Carlton, is described as "the first lady of the Royal Theatre of Greece." Into her rendering of the part of Pilar, Pablo's woman and the force behind the guerrilla movement in Spain's civil conflict, the Greek actress brings all the strength of her own personal experience to an intimate understanding of the hardships and horrors and heroism that are war. Her ship was torpedoed in mid-Atlantic; she has helped to nurse French soldiers after Dunkirk; her London hotel was bombed and she lost everything, clothes, jewellery, money. Originally an operatic singer, having won the gold medal of the Geneva Conservatoire, and having studied singing in Berlin and Vienna, Mme. Paxinou moved from opera to theatre, and she and her husband, Alexander Minotis, became the Lunt and Fontanne of the Greek theatre, and were decorated by King George of Greece for their services. In 1940 she played in Ibsen's "Ghosts" in English over here; Broadway acclaimed her in the revival of his "Hedda Gabler," and then followed a successful test for the part of Pilar, which she has filled with the brilliance of her vivid personality. Mme. Paxinou has one daughter, Ileana.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Mr. James Agate claims to be the only ex-novelist who has rewritten his first book. He goes on: "I am an ex-novelist, and through sheer artistic integrity. When my third and last work of so-called fiction appeared in 1928 I had become enough of a critic to know that this was not novel-writing, but thinly-disguised autobiography. . . . I stopped because my critical sense told me I was not a novelist."

Some Elements Missing. Mr. Agate is a very distinguished critic and one from whose judgment I should not lightly dissent. But I think that in this case his verdict needs qualification. If by saying that he is not a novelist he means that he is not greatly interested in the narrative and dramatic elements in story-writing, I suppose that the majority of his readers would agree with him. The story in "Responsibility" is like one of those rivers which alternately flow above ground and below. We know it to be the same river, because it has a strong individuality as well as a precious burden of impressions, criticisms and opinions to establish its identity; but its habit of disappearing and then reappearing, possibly farther back in time than the point at which it left us, is certainly disconcerting. Furthermore, the book is, until nearly the end, marked by an almost positive lack of drama. Its narrator, Edward Marston, tells the story of his life from his boyhood in the last quarter of the last century down to the moment when we see him, paradoxically in the first chapter, wearing hospital blue, a casualty of the world war of 1914. During that time he meets with more adventures, and there is in his life more light and shade than falls to the lot of most men; but in describing these it is nearly always the essence of the experience that he seeks, not its dramatic effect. There are no stage entrances and exits. He falls in and out of love, without the help of any set scene to mark the event.

One more argument might be brought forward in support of Mr. Agate's contention that he is not a novelist. His theme, he says, is the slur of illegitimacy—"oh, not the slur on the child which has defrayed the tears of the servants' hall since servants learned to read, but the slur on the father." This is an interesting theme, but we cannot say that Mr. Agate develops it. Far from being the germ or leaven of the story, it hardly makes itself organically felt until the end.

Love of Life and Literature. But fiction is the most compound and capacious of all the arts; and it does not follow that because a book misses out some of fiction's traditional requirements therefore it cannot be an interesting or a "good" novel. One well understands why Mr. Agate wanted to republish "Responsibility" and why the public, critical or omnivorous, will want to read it. First of all, it is written with a spontaneous and infectious enthusiasm, both for literature and for life. One of the writer's aphorisms runs: "The world is small, but Lancashire is big," and the breadth of human nature that Mr. Agate gets into his pictures of the world of North Country business men—of his delightful father, his odious uncle and the Jew Strumbach, that autocratic, generous go-getter—is something to marvel at. All the excitement of young, insurgent life, co-operating with favourable, or defying hostile circumstances, is here. Equally vital and compelling is the love of literature, especially of French literature in general and of Balzac in particular, which he expresses in symposia with like-minded friends, and to which his own writing bears witness; for he loves words, delights in finding the right one, and handles them all like a master. One might say, perhaps, that his general views are more effective than his close-ups; to estimate the form and pressure of an age (see his marvellous summary, on page 107, of the year 1894) suits his style exactly. Ideas, on the whole, mean more to him than emotions and the head rules the heart; yet there is a wistfulness and dignity, an essential truth of feeling, in the slightly sketched relationship between the narrator and his son.

A Dual Outlook. Mr. William Plomer calls his autobiography "Double Lives." By this he does not mean anything so pathological as schizophrenia or so commonplace as the kind of double life led by the bigamist. At different times, I think, he attaches to the phrase different meanings; but in the main it signifies for him the duality of outlook and experience forced upon the artist by his temperament. The Japanese, he says, live a double life, like everyone else; and perhaps in every Japanese "militarist, business man, or political shark" there is a "sensuous æsthete for whom the blossom of the cherry is far more than a symbol of patriotic mysticism." And of himself, at the age of five, he writes: "I had already entered upon the artist's double life: I might be taken to church or to watch a cricket match, but I was already a heretic and fantast."

The autobiography covers his first twenty-five years, from 1903 to 1928. He was encouraged to write it because "I knew my life was not much like the lives of any of my acquaintances." This is true. Mr. Plomer was born in South Africa, spent his schooldays in England, returned to South Africa to start farming with his parents, and then went to Japan, where for three years he earned his living by teaching English. Meanwhile, he wrote novels and short stories. His first book, "Turbott Wolfe," made something of a sensation in South Africa because of its outspoken championship of the natives; and all through his autobiography he takes up the cause of the underdog, whether the inferiority be racial or social.

An Artist's Background. He devotes some seventy pages (rather a large proportion of the whole) to his family and pre-natal influences. The former he calls "bourgeois," rather a misleading word, since few of his forebears show that craving for security which is characteristic of the bourgeois habit of mind, and which is in direct contradiction to the wanderlust he inherited from his father. I mention this because he is apt to dissociate himself from his background and to be a little self-conscious about being an artist. On the other hand, he is no debunker of his relations, immediate or remote, and in writing of them he has the happy and rare knack of combining affection with plain-speaking and detached observation. He is a very acute observer, with an unfailing gift for isolating the vivid or significant detail. His humour is sly, dry and sometimes caustic, but he never flogs a dead horse or gives more than a cut or two to a live one. Liking and valuing unworldliness, he is nevertheless a man of the world. He has a great respect for human nature, and is perhaps unduly hopeful about it. Mr. Plomer is a true liberal—any kind of unnecessary restraint, whether exercised by individuals or Society or the State, is abhorrent to him—and a true internationalist. "Civilisation has many dialects, but speaks one language," he observes, in a moving and beautiful final paragraph.

An Irish Village. The scene of "Alone We Embark" is the village of Tullynawlin, a small, remote place, apparently devoid of "gentry," but otherwise showing a fairly comprehensive cross-section of Irish country life. In 1928, Mary Sheehy, loving Denis Doran and promised to him, falls in love with a strolling player, Rowan O'Keefe, marries him and brings on herself much misfortune. After his death she leaves Dublin and returns to her native village, bringing her child with her. She is now down and almost out; and to rescue her mother from the workhouse she marries the local rich man and skinflint, Johnny Dunne. The story then skips several years and re-emerges in the present war. Mary's ever-growing feeling of repulsion for the elderly miser, to whom she has not given an heir, is increased by the return from America of Denis Doran. After several furtive meetings with him Mary bears a child, which, for a time, she is able to pass off as her husband's. The discovery of her infidelity precipitates a situation which only a catastrophe can save. It is a convenient catastrophe, for it snips off another loose end. Miss Maura Laverty's plot is by no means the best thing in her story; it makes too many demands, and its main prop, Denis Doran, is also a bit of a stick. What is good about the book is its atmosphere and the chorus of villagers.

Mystery in Bayswater. Few Bayswater boarding-houses, one must suppose, can boast such a curious clientele as the one in which Mr. Kilmacross was murdered. We wonder why Miss Persis Grant chose to live there, still more why she remained when the plot began to thicken, and Frau Memling to take such a sinister interest in Persis's black-out. Miss Alice Campbell cleverly masks the real direction her plot is taking. "Ringed with Fire" shows a sense of humour, too.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Responsibility. By James Agate. (*Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.*)
Double Lives. By William Plomer. (*Cape; 9s. 6d.*)
Alone We Embark. By Maura Laverty. (*Longmans; 7s. 6d.*)
Ringed with Fire. By Alice Campbell. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

KEY TO THE GROUP OF M.-G.-M. TOP TALENT ON OUR DOUBLE PAGE.

The group of M.-G.-M. headline artists on our double page shows (l. to r., front row): Captain James Stewart (on leave), Margaret Sullavan, Lucille Ball, Hedy Lamarr, Katharine Hepburn, Louis B. Mayer, Greer Garson, Irene Dunne, Susan Peters, Ginny Simms, Lionel Barrymore. Second row: Harry James (Betty Grable's new husband), Brian Donlevy, Red Skelton, Mickey Rooney, William Powell, Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon (with beard for his rôle in "Madame Curie"), Robert Taylor (with G.I. hair-cut for real-life Navy rôle), Pierre Aumont, Lewis Stone, Gene Kelly, Jackie Jenkins. Third row: Tommy Dorsey, George Murphy, Jean Rogers, James Craig, Donna Reed, Van Johnson, Fay Bainter, Marsha Hunt, Ruth Hussey, Marjorie Main, Robert Benchley. Fourth row: Dame May Whitty (in costume for "White Cliffs of Dover"), Reginald Owen, Keenan Wynn, Diana Lewis (Bill Powell's wife), Marilyn Maxwell, Esther Williams, Ann Richards, Martha Linden, Lee Bowman, Richard Carlson, Mary Astor. Fifth row: Blanche Ring, Sara Haden, Fay Holden, Bert Lahr, Frances Gifford, June Allyson, Richard Whorf, Frances Rafferty, Spring Byington, Connie Gilchrist, Gladys Cooper. Sixth row: Ben Blue, Chill Wills (in uniform for "See Here, Private Hargrove"), Keye Luke, Barry Nelson, Pfc. Desi Arnaz, Henry O'Neill, Bob Crosby, Rags Ragland. Absent from the gathering were Lana Turner, having a baby; Judy Garland, on a concert tour; Charles Laughton, on a camp tour; Laraine Day, on loan to Paramount; Robert Young, absent on business; Ann Sothern, visiting her husband; Margaret O'Brien, on vacation; Herbert Marshall and Robert Walker, ill; and in the Armed Forces, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Melvyn Douglas and Lew Ayres.

"It's entitled 'Swan Song'": Blore (PERCY WALSH), Marston (MICHAEL BLAKE), Lombard (TERENCE DE MARNEY), Vera (LINDEN TRAVERS), Sir Lawrence (ALLAN JEAYES), Rogers (WILLIAM MURRAY), Emily (HENRIETTA WATSON) and the General (ERIC COWLEY) with the gramophone record.

"There's no Zoo on this strange island": William Blore (PERCY WALSH), Vera Claythorne (LINDEN TRAVERS) and Phillip Lombard (TERENCE DE MARNEY), three of the characters in "TEN LITTLE NIGGERS."

AGATHA CHRISTIE THRILLS STAGED AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

"TEN LITTLE NIGGERS," a stage adaptation of Agatha Christie's thriller, recently came to the St. James's after a provincial try-out. The "ten little niggers," lured by a strange invitation to a remote island, provide a cross-section of modern society, and include a general, a judge, a doctor, a spinster, and others. One by one, as foretold in the sinister nursery rhyme, they meet violent death . . . each survivor suspects the other. The brilliant cast and admirable production by Miss Irene Hentschel succeed in prolonging the mystery and the excitement through three acts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

"That's our warning": Phillip Lombard draws the attention of Vera Claythorne and Sir Lawrence Wargrave to the sinister implications of the Nursery Rhyme on the wall.

"It's this awful waiting—waiting for the hours to go by—feeling they may be the last." Vera and Phillip discuss the horror of the series of murders on the island.

"It was the voice—the awful voice": Sir Lawrence, Emily, Dr. Armstrong (GWYN NICHOLLS), Marston, Rogers, Lombard, Mrs. Rogers (HILDA BRUCE-POTTER), Vera, the General, and Blore.

"No hope of rescue until this storm dies down": William Blore, Phillip Lombard, Rogers and Emily Brent in a moment of horror and despair.

THE CHANGE-RINGERS.*

By PETER KENDALL.

THE car swung sharply left-handed under the arch leading to the hotel yard and slid to a smooth standstill. The Red Lion at Westholm, in Kent, some fifteen miles from London, was a mellow red brick-built old coaching inn, which for forty years had been owned by old Tom Longley. Under his régime the house had deservedly won a reputation for comfort and good food, and when the old man died in 1935 his son, young Tom, threw up his job in London to carry on the family business. Tom introduced several modern improvements while still maintaining the reputation of the place, so that in this summer of 1938 the Red Lion's cuisine was far-famed and the house was a favourite resort for dinner and dancing.

The car was a sports model, and from it stepped a man and a girl. He was dark, broad of shoulder, and tanned, and faultlessly dressed; almost too faultlessly, in fact. She was slim, fair and very lovely. They went straight into the hotel.

"We ought to get it done in an hour," muttered the man, as they entered the red-leather and chromium cocktail bar. The girl nodded.

"Good evening, Sir," said a white-coated barman.

"'Evening. A double Scotch, please, and—what 'll you have, Susie ?"

"Oh—I don't mind, George—gin-and-lime, I think." Susie didn't sound very interested and seemed a bit on edge.

The drinks duly appeared and George produced a crisp new £1 note in payment. "That 's the last, blast it," he said casually to Susie as he pocketed his change. "Still, I expect I can change a note easily."

There was another man at the end of the bar. He smiled cheerfully at George and wished him a very good evening. George nodded back.

"Jolly decent pub this, what ?" he said. "I 'd no idea there was anything like this out here."

The other man smiled again, somewhat dryly.

"Oh, we manage to keep fairly civilised, you know, even in the country. Care for another—on the house, this time ?"

"Eh ? You 're the proprietor, then ? Yes, thanks, I will. You, too, Susie ?"

Tom Longley ordered the second round. He was lean and tall, with a ready smile and quick, intelligent brown eyes. While he was taking the drinks Susie gave George a curious, meaning look.

"Yes, we like this place," went on George. "As a matter of fact, another chap on the Stock Exchange told me about it, but he didn't tell me it was as good as this. I understand we can dine later ?"

"Certainly. In about half-an-hour. And you are on the Stock Exchange, too, I suppose, Sir ?"

"Yes—for my sins, I suppose ! Nothing much in it these days, though—the bottom 's dropped right out of the market. Are you interested ? I could possibly give you a useful hint or two, if you are."

Tom laughed deprecatingly. "Oh, a little. But I 'm no financier ! I usually play safe and let my bank deal for me."

For some minutes the two men talked Stock Exchange. Over Susie's uninterested head floated bulls and margins and options, until presently Tom Longley excused himself. Then George turned to the girl.

"What about a spot of dinner ?" he suggested. "I think it 'll work," he added in a whisper, as they passed into the dining-room.

The dinner was worthy of the hotel's fame. After they had finished their coffee, George called the waiter and asked for the bill. In a moment or two the man returned with the folded slip, and he waited gravely while George read it. With the wine the amount was 24s. 9d.

"I 'm sorry, Waiter, but I 've nothing smaller than this," said George, producing a ten-pound Bank of England note. "Can you change it ?"

"I will see, Sir." He took the note away with the bill and presented them to Tom in his office.

"The couple at number seven table, Sir," he said.

Tom glanced through the glass panel in the office door. "The stock-broker chap," he muttered to himself. Tom reckoned he could sum a man up as well as the next fellow, and he decided to take a chance.

"He 's all right," he said. "Let 's see the note."

He scrutinised it carefully. Watermark, all the little dots—yes, it was quite O.K. He told the waiter to take the change, and locked the note with others in his safe. Then he went into the hall, just as George and Susie were leaving.

"A delightful dinner," said George. "You will be seeing us again."

"I hope so, Sir. Good night. Good night, Madam."

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour later that Tom Longley was told that two police officers wanted a word with him. He went to the office, where he found two men, one short and thick-set, and the other tall and lugubrious of countenance. The short man did all the talking.

"I am Inspector Lardner of the Metropolitan Police," he began. "We have reason to believe that a man and a woman we are making inquiries about may have been here recently." And he described George and Susie very accurately.

Tom's eyebrows went up. "Why, yes," he said. "They only left about an hour ago. What 's wrong ?"

"Did they spend much ? Ask you to change a banknote ?"

An expression of consternation spread over Tom's face.

"They did, as a matter of fact," he replied. "But it was a genuine one, I 'll swear. It 'd have to be a pretty good dud to get past me !"

The Inspector shrugged. "We can soon see," he said. "I have here a list of numbers of genuine banknotes, supplied by the Bank of England. Now, we think this pair belong to a gang of expert forgers, and their stuff has been appearing since last February. If the note you changed appears on this list, or is dated earlier than February, you 're all right; but if not, I 'm afraid you 've been had, Sir."

"Good heavens !" spluttered Tom, angrily. "Here—I 'll get it." He opened the safe and extracted the note, and three eager heads compared it with the sheaf of papers the Inspector had produced. The search took some minutes. Presently the Inspector stood up.

"Well, there you are, Sir. Your note is dated April, so if it 's genuine it should be here. And it isn't. It 's a forgery right enough. I suppose they didn't give you any notion of where they would be going from here ? We 've never been so close behind them as this—a matter of an hour only—and we stand a pretty good chance of nabbing them."

"They didn't," said Tom, ruefully. "But they were in a crimson and black open sports car—quite unmistakable. Your people should be able to pick them up."

"I shall try, Sir. Perhaps I could use your 'phone ? And, by the way, I shall have to take the note—it will be needed for evidence. If I give you an official receipt you will be satisfied, I presume ?"

"As you 're the police, I suppose I shall have to be," said George.

"Well, here 's my official card, Sir, just to put your mind at rest," said the Inspector, smiling. He proffered a small square of paste-board, which George took and examined. He shot a sudden, searching glance at the policeman, who was bending over the table writing the receipt. Then he sat on the edge of the table himself, leaning back and supporting himself with one hand, his fingers curled over the table's edge.

"The telephone 's in the hall, under the main staircase. You—yes, Roberts ?" The head waiter had entered the office.

"You are wanted on the telephone, Sir," he announced.

"Bother ! Just when you wanted to get that car stopped ! I 'll be back in a moment," he said to the Inspector.

The waiter was just outside the door.

"Good man !" Tom whispered. "Listen : those two in there are a couple of bogus detectives. They are trying to pull a swindle—those two who dined at number seven are in it, too, by the look of things. In a minute he is going to telephone—he says to get that car stopped—but I 'll bet he is going to contact the first pair and arrange to meet them. Now, you get in the cupboard next to the 'phone-box, and listen. We may find where they are going, and with luck get them all collared. Anyhow, we 're bound to get some sort of a clue. Off you go—I 'll send him out straightaway !"

The waiter nodded and made for the hall. Tom returned to the office, blessing the forethought which had made him have a bell-push fixed under the table ledge. One ring meant "I want to be interrupted," and he used it to get rid of importunate brewery representatives.

"Here 's your receipt, Sir," said the short man, as he went into the office. "And now I 'll 'phone headquarters."

"I 'm sorry my call delayed you—time 's precious in a case like this. Oh, here 's the note, by the way."

The alleged policeman went to the 'phone, while his companion, having tucked the banknote away, sat staring dumbly in front of him. In a minute the other returned.

"If we have any luck at all, Sir," he said to Tom, "those two will be under lock and key inside an hour—but I doubt whether you will get your nine pounds back. Now we must be getting along to check up on them. You realise, of course, that you will be required to give evidence in court when they are caught, Sir ?"

Tom did, but he thought the circumstances might be rather different from those the short man had in mind. However, he merely nodded. "I quite understand. No use asking you to stay for a drink, I suppose, Inspector, as you 're so hot on the trail ? No ? Well, good night—and good hunting !"

As soon as they were gone Tom found the waiter.

"Did you manage to hear anything, Roberts ?"

"Everything, Sir ! He rang Gorsham 31—that 's the Fox and Hounds, Sir, of course. He asked for someone called 'George,' and said they 'd got the goods and would be over in half-an-hour, Sir."

"Splendid," Tom grinned. "And now I 'll put a spoke in their wheel." And he went to the telephone himself and put through a couple of calls.

Gorsham was a small village about six miles away, and the Fox and Hounds was a small and rather dreary little pub about half-way down the main street. About twenty-five minutes after leaving Westholm the two supposed policemen parked their car outside the pub and went into the private bar. The short man asked the landlord for Mr. George Summers, who, he said, was expecting him.

The landlord looked at him rather queerly.

"They 're in the back room," he said. "This way, Sir."

When they entered the room at the back the two from the car received a horrid shock. George and Susie were certainly there, but so were two large, uniformed policemen. Real ones. The plan was so simple—and foolproof ! They had reckoned on making nine pounds odd each night at different hotels, and here they were copped at the first try-out. But Tom Longley had previously been a detective-sergeant at Scotland Yard. That was the London job he had thrown up to take over his father's hotel. And he knew just what a plain-clothes officer's warrant card *really* looked like.

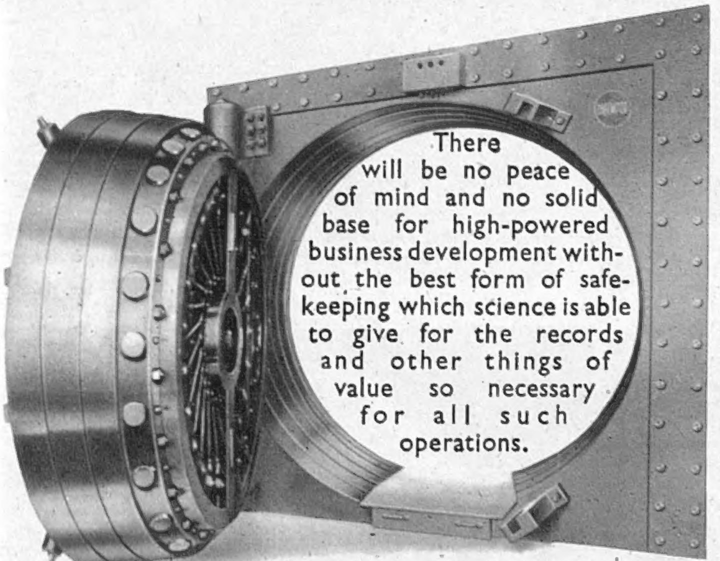
THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

BASIC ENGLISH



We give the text above in Basic English to encourage the study of this proposed universal language

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE CO., LTD.
Bankers' Engineers
Head Office: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND
Telegrams: Chatwood, Shrewsbury — Telephone: Shrewsbury 4001
LONDON, GLASGOW — MANCHESTER, BOMBAY

COMBINED OPERATIONS

THE COMBINATION OF CRAFTSMANSHIP, STYLE, MATERIALS, TRADITION AND SERVICE, UNITE IN THE MAKING OF UNIFORMS FOR ALL UNITS OF THE ALLIED FORCES.

Telephone: WHITEHALL 3343

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET - LONDON - S.W.1

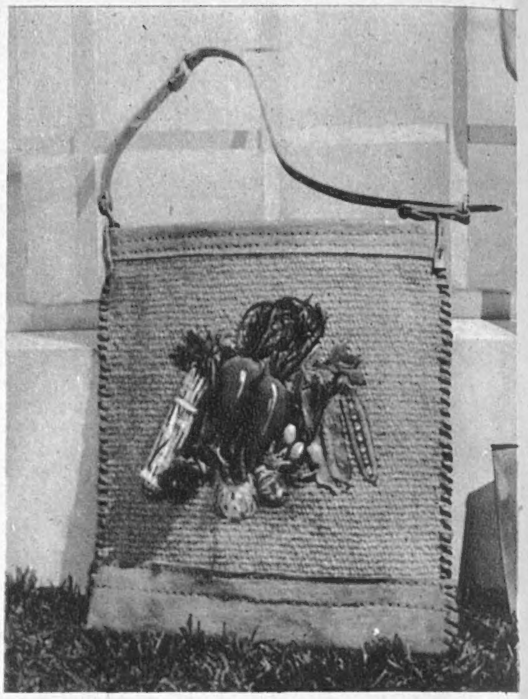
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

BURBERRYS LTD.

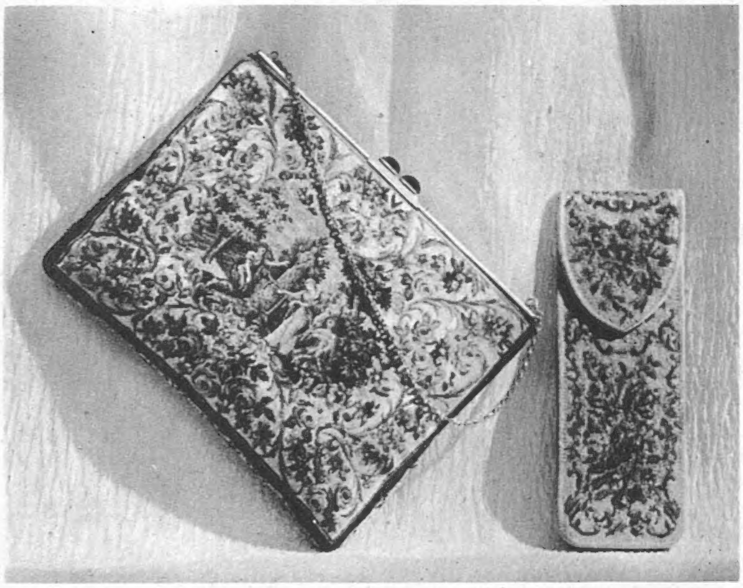
CHRISTMAS WITHOUT COUPONS.

"What can I give without coupons?" is the common cry to-day. These are a few suggestions, indicative of the lovely presents still in the London stores. If you are late with your shopping you may not be able to get these same articles, but there will be something similar and a host of other "finds." Elizabeth Arden's offer for members of H.M. Forces is worth remembering. Orders should be addressed to 25, Old Bond Street, W.1., and five shillings added to cover postage and insurance.

Mayfair Flowers make up the table-centre posy of rosebuds and the very natural-looking bowl of begonias. The other centrepiece is called "Winter." They are all ideal for Christmas decoration. From Marshall and Snelgrove.



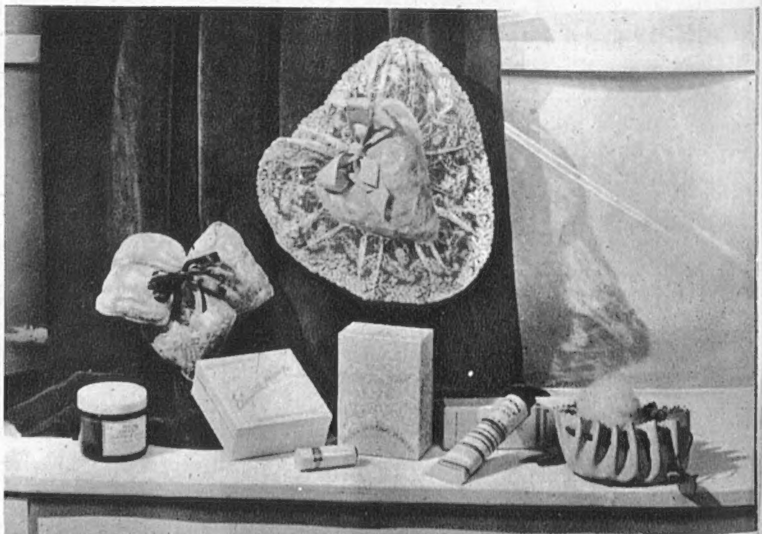
A decorative nosebag is a grand present for someone with a lot of shopping to do. It is ornamented with giant vegetables and can be bought at Marshall and Snelgrove.



Exquisite petit-point (a reminder of past luxuries) makes this evening bag and spectacle-case. Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge still have a few of these left.

A pigskin handbag, easy to carry, and one of felt, boldly initialled. The initials, in contrasting colour, will be put on to order within fourteen days. From Harrods.

A leather photograph-frame, leather cuff-links, an unbreakable mirror in a leather case, a flask, a clothes-brush and matching shoe-horn—all these come from Harvey Nichols as suggestions for the ever-recurring problem of what to give a man.



The lace-edged, heart-shaped pot-pourri sachets and the suède powder-carrier come from Debenham's, the beauty aids from Arden's. The beauty preparations will be sent free of purchase tax and ex-quota to H.M. Forces overseas.

Presented with pride

SIMPSONS SUITS, COATS AND UNIFORMS from the best shops in most big towns or Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd., 202 Piccadilly, London, W.1

Thanks to Creda..

Millions of Creda Appliances are helping to keep households within the Fuel Target. Use them with care as they cannot be replaced—and ask our advice if in doubt about economical operation.

Electric **APPLIANCES** *for the home*

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC CO. LTD. OLDBURY. BIRMINGHAM

The* NAME TO REMEMBER *is Creda

THE RIGHT KIND OF *Pocket*

'GOR-RAY' *Skirts*

The right kind of pocket, in the right place, on the right side . . . that's the "ZWOW," a feature of GOR-RAY Skirts which pleases smart women with the modern outlook. No ugly placket, no buttons or other fasteners to cause hip bulges or gaping. Drapers and Stores everywhere stock GOR-RAY Skirts in various styles.

All the better for the '*Zwow*' Pocket

LOOK FOR THE 'GOR-RAY' LABEL

Issued by: C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

Scientific.

Uniform Facts

What makes an Austin Reed uniform long wearing and good looking, even in old age? We use the best materials available; but there's more in a good uniform than good materials. The cut and finish and good workmanship come from years of experience of making good clothes for men; and when our peacetime uniform department was put on a war footing, it attracted to it many skilled military tailors who knew our reputation, liked it, and felt that by working for us they would be expected and allowed to give their best. They have not been disappointed, nor have our many customers in the Navy, Army and Royal Air Force.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone: Regent 6789

"Will my Xmas be Merry?"

That depends on you. Hundreds of little children and lonely old folk depend on **THE SALVATION ARMY** to bring Christmas happiness to them. You can be a partner in the pleasure of making their Christmas a happy one. We need not disappoint them if you will help us.

PLEASE SEND A GIFT TO-DAY TO THE CHRISTMAS FUND

Of course, your Christmas gift can be used for The Salvation Army's widespread work among Service men and women if you prefer Just mark it accordingly

GENERAL CARPENTER,
101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality, although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS

Welcome Always - Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

P.S. Stocks still available but restricted

FURS

of fine quality which give the best value for money and coupons.

We still have many delightful coats and jackets in Persian Lamb—Ocelot—Skunk—Babyseal—Alaska Sealskin—Nutria and Indian Lamb not carrying the full purchase tax. Inspection cordially invited.

Furs Repaired & Refashioned
ESTIMATES FREE
Every postal enquiry receives personal attention

City Fur Store
110 NEW BOND ST., W.1